

# The Emporia News.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1899.

## THE CALIFORNIA TRAGEDY.

### Dual Between Broderick and Terry.

From the San Francisco Times, Sept. 14.  
In accordance with the anticipations of most of the community, the expected duel between the Hon. David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator from California, and the Hon. David S. Terry, Judge of the Supreme Court, took place yesterday morning at a small dell or valley, some ten miles distant from Merced Lake. The parties went out of town the night previous, and passed the night in separate localities.

At a quarter past six o'clock Messrs. Broderick and Terry arrived on the ground in their respective carriages, and attended by their seconds and physicians—Hon. J. C. McKibben and Mr. Coulter as seconds for Mr. Broderick, and Calhoun Benham and Thomas Hays, Esqs., seconds for Judge Terry.

On descending from their carriages the parties seemed to be in the best of spirits, neither appearing at all anxious or nervous as to the result. About half an hour was occupied in arrangements; ten paces were marked off and tested by the seconds, and the principals placed in their relative positions. Their seconds had already divested them of their outside coats, white collars and other articles which might prevent prominent targets upon which to take aim. The two principals were divested of their neckties and the coin in their pockets. The coin taken from Mr. Broderick, his second, Mr. McKibben, placed in his own vest pocket. Judge Terry threw his carelessly upon the sod. One of the seconds then read aloud the code duello from a written manuscript, which occupied but a short time. Mr. Coulter then addressed the two gentlemen, saying in effect that he wished to be understood that he should count or, two, after the word fire, after which he should say "stop." No shot must be fired after that. During this time the principals maintained their positions and listened with composure to these details. Judge Terry stood with his head thrown slightly back looking towards his antagonist. Each held his pistol in his hand, pointed to the ground. Each was dressed in black clothes and wore a slouched Palo Alto hat. Mr. Broderick stood erect, but his head rather down. He pulled the rim of his hat down about his eyes, as if to shut them from the light. The positions of the two were somewhat different. Judge Terry maintained that of a practical duelist, presenting only the edge of his person to his antagonist, and keeping his left hand and shoulders well behind him. Mr. Broderick, on the contrary, though at first assuming a position somewhat similar to that of the other, seemed to prefer a more careless and less constrained one, and gradually presented more of his body to the fire of his opponent. His pistol he held in his hand rather awkwardly, and seeming to feel this himself he once or twice turned the wrist of his pistol arm to the right with his left hand, as though endeavoring to comply with some proscribed directions previously given him. He took one good look at his antagonist, and ran his eye rapidly along the ground from him to his own position, as if drawing a line between them. From that time he did not raise his eyes until the word was given to fire. Once his right foot got a fraction beyond the line, when Mr. McKibben stepped forward and replaced it. The bearing of Judge Terry, though he assumed a more practised and motionless attitude, was not one jot more that of an iron nerved man than was that of Mr. Broderick.

At a quarter before seven o'clock Mr. Coulter pronounced the words—"Are you ready?" "Ready," responded Judge Terry, and "Ready" was uttered by Mr. Broderick immediately after. "Fire!"—one—two!—pronounced in moderately quick time. Mr. Broderick raised his pistol, and had scarcely brought it to an angle of 45 degrees from the downward position, and in a bee line towards his opponent, when, owing to the delicacy of the hair trigger, it was discharged; the ball entering the ground about four paces in advance of him. Judge Terry fired a few instants later, taking deliberate aim. There was a perceptible interval between the two reports.

At that instant Mr. Broderick was observed to clap his left hand to the right side of his breast, where it was seen that he was wounded. He reeled slowly to the left, and before his seconds could reach him, he fell to the ground, with his right leg doubled under him, and still grasping his weapon. Judge Terry, upon discharging his pistol, immediately folded his arms, holding the pistol still smoking in his hand, but did not move from his position.

The seconds of Mr. Broderick immediately ran to his aid, and Dr. Locher commenced to staunch the wound with lint. The bullet had entered just forward of the nipple and had lodged as it was supposed under the left arm. After the duel Judge Terry with his friends left the field, driving rapidly into town, and started at once from North Beach where a boat was in waiting, and proceeded to Oakland, where he took a private conveyance to Martinez.

PARTICULARS OF HIS ILLNESS.  
On Tuesday last, after his fall upon the field, Mr. Broderick was carefully removed to the residence of Leonidas Haskell, Esq., on Black Point, where he was attended by several of the most skillful surgeons of the city, and his bedside watched by devoted friends, who noted every change in the beating of his pulse, every difficult breath, and every murmur of his lips. As we have already stated, the symptoms at a late hour on Thursday night were regarded as more favorable, and his friends were filled with hope.

The wounded man continued in about the same condition, without any noticeable change, until about 11 o'clock at night, when he aroused from the state of semi-consciousness in which he had laid for several hours, and was seized with a succession of convulsions, caused by intense pain, which prostrated his little remaining strength and left him utterly helpless.

HIS DEATH.  
After the convulsion passed off, Mr. Broderick was comparatively free from pain, and sank back into the lethargic state, which proved to be the precursor of his dissolution. He retained his consciousness until about 2 o'clock yesterday morning, when his reason failed, and he no longer recognized his attendants. The hand of death was resting upon him; the watchers at his

bedside saw and felt that it was so, and with tearful eyes they looked at each other and at the thin, pale face of the dying man. The minutes moved slowly in that breathless suspense. His life-stream ebbed away, and at 20 minutes past 9 o'clock yesterday morning the "golden bowl was broken." The soul of one of earth's honored sons had been called by the hand who gave it, and the form which it had once animated with the fires of hope and courage and manly ambition was left upon the couch a lump of cold, insensate clay—Broderick was dead.

THE FUNERAL.  
The funeral of Broderick took place on the afternoon of the 19th. The remains were followed to the grave by about 3,000 persons, forming, with the carriages, the longest and most impressive procession ever witnessed in San Francisco. The streets were densely thronged, and the buildings along the line of the procession were draped in mourning. Col. E. D. Baker delivered the funeral oration.

ARREST OF JUDGE TERRY.  
We are informed by the Chief of Police of this city, that Judge Terry was arrested at his ranch, near Stockton, yesterday, and is now in custody of Sheriff J. W. O'Neil, of San Joaquin county. He was arrested on a warrant from this city, and, it is presumed, that the jurisdiction of this city has attached upon him.—Bulletin, 20th.

MR. BRODERICK'S ESTATE.  
The property of the late Senator Broderick in this city amounts to \$130,000, encumbered by \$85,000 of mortgages. This is set forth in the petition of D. C. Coulton, filed in the Probate Court. It also alleges that the only relatives and heirs-at-law are Edmund Welch and Lucy Brown, cousins in the second degree. The said cousins append their assent to the petition, as do also the creditors. These proceedings, we suppose, are based upon the belief that Mr. Broderick has left no will. He was uniformly careful in such respects. He certainly did make a will before his duel several years since with Mr. Smith. It is the opinion of one who has been intimate with Mr. Broderick for twenty years, that the will then made is still extant, in Washington. If so, by that will the disposition of his property must be decided.—Times, 22d.

MONUMENT TO MR. BRODERICK.  
We understand that a movement is on foot, in which many of the merchants and business men of this city participate—calling a public meeting to consider and adopt the best means of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of the late Senator Broderick. We cannot doubt that this enterprise will receive prompt and liberal encouragement.—Bulletin, 21st.

From the San Francisco Times, Sept. 14.  
David C. Broderick.

In the year 1849 there came, among the crowd of adventurers to California, from the city of New York, a young man by the name of David C. Broderick. In that city he had achieved some reputation as a local political leader, but beyond that he was totally unknown. He had come up from the lower walks of life, and was possessed of none of the graces of manners, none of the winning and popular qualities that secure to their possessor the support and approbation of the masses. But he had far-reaching sagacity, and an intuitive perception and knowledge of men. He saw that here was the field to make money, and that money was power. His ambition was of the loftiest kind. He bent his whole energies to acquire a name and fame. With no relation on earth to whom he was attached, no taste for the amusements that charm the multitude, he lived from first to last an ascetic, bent only on doing his duty, so that he should leave an honorable and honored name on the pages of history. With this idea as the governing principle of his life, he entered the lists in the struggle for preeminence in California. How well he succeeded is now known to us all.

Of the early efforts that were made to give a peculiar shade to the politics of California, it is not now the time to speak at length. It is well known that Mr. Broderick at the start encountered the most persistent opposition from the pro-slavery politicians, who from the first seemed to look on California as their peculiar heritage. Mr. Broderick was the first obstacle they had to encounter in opposition to their undisputed sway. He was from first to last the head and front of the opposition to the Southern chivalry. And never before in the history of man was an individual so belied, slandered and abused. But he firmly held to his post, and fought them at every position.

It is well known that in the times of the old Whig party it was in California but another name for a Southern party. Its candidates were uniformly Southern pro-slavery men, and a strong effort was made to render the Democratic party equally servile to Southern leaders. And so it would have become but for Mr. Broderick. He stood up for the people of the North, and the party was accordingly divided into the Northern and Southern factions. When the Know Nothing party was established here it was as intensely chivalry as ever had been the Whig party, and until the year 1856 there was no other party, or faction of a party, claiming to have any regard for the rights of Northern people in this State, or being anything above the servile tools and sycophants of Southern politicians, than the Broderick Democracy. He stood by the North. He stood by the people who loved freedom and hated slavery. He was their champion, their leader; and for years he was hunted with all the vindictive hate and bloodthirstiness of a bloodhound by the cut-throat politicians of the South, until, to seal their victory over the North in the late election, they have tried to take his life and forever silence an opposition which they feared.

In many of the qualities that go to make up a great man, Mr. Broderick was without a peer in the United States. His administrative powers were of an order never excelled. His field for the exercise of them was the worst possible, it being only as a party leader that he was ever enabled to show his power. But who could ever manage a party like him? He was always recognized by all who acted with him as the king, the leader, whose will was to be supreme, and before whom all others must bow. Hence, he could enter a Convention with a minority, and dictate every nomination. When he made a motion, every man of his party followed his lead, and while the opposition was confused by a dozen leaders, he was seconded by all his friends as unhesitatingly as ever was Napoleon or Wellington.

For ten years Mr. Broderick has been the Mordecai in the gate, the lion in the path, the beam in the eye of the Southern politicians. He has stood up fearlessly in opposition to them, and to their shame be it spoken, has been but poorly supported by the men of the North. But of that we need not speak. He had a giant's will, and though unsupported by those who should have been his friends, he stood manfully to his post, and there was ready to die.

From the San Francisco Times, Sept. 15.  
Terry, The Murderer of Broderick.  
In the year 1855 the whirlwind of Know Nothingism swept over California. It completely destroyed the existing political divisions, and a general breaking up of the political fabric was the consequence. A new order of things succeeded. New men who had never been heard of before rose up to the surface. The excited and bubbling cauldron threw to the top any amount of refuse dross and worthless scum. People were madly excited. They cried out for reform, and whoever shouted reform and professed Know Nothingism was hailed as an honest man and a reformer. Thus men were nominated for elevated positions of whom nothing was known, and who, in the older parties when the character and ability of men were better understood, would never have been thought of as entitled to any position above that of judge of a horse-race or dealer of furo.

The most notable and disastrous instance of the sudden elevation of a man of this character that occurred during that unfortunate period, was the election of one David S. Terry to the position of Judge of the Supreme Court. Probably, had California been raked over from one extreme to the other with a revolving horse-rake, another man so unfitted for the position of Judge, among those claiming to be lawyers could not have been found. He was a man without education, and with as little knowledge of the general principles of law as would be required in any other country to make a Justice of Peace. He had distinguished himself only for the numerous fights and brawls that he had been engaged in. He had one quality that he had possessed in common with the bull-dog, and being a man of powerful frame and great skill in the use of weapons, he was always regarded as a dangerous man.

But bad as he was, and unfit as he was for the position, yet the people elected him to the high office of Judge of the Supreme Court. He has held that position until recently he resigned in order to fight a duel with, and if he could, kill Senator Broderick. Since the death of Judge Murray, he has been Chief Justice, and has been distinguished in that position for the extreme brevity of his opinions.

During the season of the Vigilance Committee excitement he attained his most prominent notoriety, by his attempt to kill a man who had been detained by that Committee to arrest one Reuben Maloney. The history of that affair is so familiar to all, that we need not recapitulate the circumstances attending it. He was not hanged, as others had been, but was, after a long imprisonment, released, to take his seat again upon the Bench, dispense justice, and see that the laws were fairly and honestly administered.

After he was let off by the Vigilance Committee, he was constrained by the wholesome lesson then taught him to refrain from his customary quarrels and assaults. We will do him the justice to say that since he was let loose by the Vigilance Committee he has not attacked an editor, stabbed anybody in court, or done any act of open violence.

When the late LeCompton Convention assembled, Judge Terry was a candidate for re-nomination. He did not succeed, strange as it may seem, when the character of the Convention is considered. But after the Convention had to a great extent concluded, and when the successful or unsuccessful candidates were trotted out to slow their parts, this man, Chief Justice of the State, came forward and made a low political harangue going out of his way to make a gross, undignified and uncalled for attack on Senator Broderick. When Mr. Broderick heard of this attack upon him, he denounced Judge Terry in severe terms, and in the presence of a friend of the latter, the other circumstances intervening up to the time of the duel are known to our readers. Judge Terry shot his man, and it is supposed that, if Mr. Broderick dies, as a reward for killing him, he will be sent to the U. S. Senate.

A Romantic Incident.  
A correspondent of the Manchester Mirror relates an interesting incident which he says occurred in Manchester. He states that in the fall of 1847, a young man came to the city in quest of employment. After weeks of unsuccessful search he found himself without prospect of work, and considerable in debt for board. In despair he made arrangements for disposing of his clothes by auction in order to defray his debts, when a letter was sent to him containing a twenty dollar bill, and directing him to apply for the situation of card stripper, to the overseer of one of the corporations. The letter requested him to sign a note of hand for the amount loaned, and place it in a certain unoccupied box in the post office where it would be called for by the lender. The young man did as he was directed, and received the situation; the overseer stating that it had been procured for him by the earnest solicitation of a young lady.

Years passed away, and all attempts to discover his creditor were unavailing—the young man prospered in business.

And at length plighted his affections to an estimable young lady with whom he had accidentally become acquainted. On the day before their marriage he received a letter requesting him to call at a certain place and pay the note or twenty dollars, with interest, which he had signed some years before. Anxious to settle an indebtedness which, from the mystery of the whole affair, had occasioned many hours of unhappiness, he hastened to the place indicated, and was ushered by the domestic into a parlor, where to his infinite astonishment he discovered the lady to whom upon the next day he was about to unite his earthly fortunes. She was awaiting him with the note in her hand. It was her first business transaction, and the partnership which followed bade fair to continue happily through life.

Why was there a panic in the early days of Moses?—Because there were rushes on the banks, and Pharaoh's daughters withdrew a valuable deposit.

From the Louisville Journal.

### Tidings of Sir John Franklin.

There is a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that the devotedness of Lady Franklin has been rewarded at last by solving the mystery of the fate of her husband. The steamer Fox, which was sent to the Arctic regions by her to search the traces of the expedition, returned completely successful. Sir John Franklin left England in May, 1845, with picked associates and carefully selected vessels, the Erebus and Terror. The expedition was last seen about two months afterwards, in July, 1845, off the entrance of Lancaster Sound, moored to an iceberg, waiting for the western passage to be cleared. After an absence of two years, fears for the safety of the party began to be experienced, and in 1848 the British Government sent out three expeditions to search for, and rescue the survivors. The record found by the Fox at Point William, dated April 25, 1848, shows that the fate of the expedition was sealed before any exploring party had started in search of it, and that Sir John Franklin had died the previous year June 11, 1847.

On April 52, 1848, the Erebus and Terror had been abandoned at King William's Island, five hundred miles from Hudson Bay, in a northeast direction, latitude 69, longitude 98, and the 105 survivors gradually perished in attempting to reach civilization by making their way southward to Great Fish river.

Since 1848, expeditions have been fitted out from Great Britain, and from the United States also, by the munificence of Mr. Grinnell, and the devotedness of Dr. Kane, but the only previous traces of the fate, or route of Franklin, were discovered by Capt. Ommaney, of the British Navy, who, in 1858, found his winter quarters at 1845 '6, at Beechey Island, and by Dr. Rea, who, in 1857, also when in the actual vicinity of the place where the Erebus and Terror had been abandoned two years previously, learned from the Esquimaux Indians that about forty white men had been seen dragging a boat towards the south, and provided with sledges. These were probably the last remnant of the one hundred and thirty souls who originally composed Sir John Franklin's party, and the graves and unburied bodies seen by Dr. Rea have led to the inference that the party had resorted to cannibalism to support life. And thus, one by one they perished, for it is hardly within the bounds of possibility that there are any survivors among the savage tribes of Indians.

This gloomy tragedy of Arctic suffering has unfolded its denouement, and the lonely widow of Sir John Franklin has the consolation of knowing that her husband died before the terrible sufferings of his companions commenced, that he breathed his last in the cabin of his vessel, and doubtless had the burial services read before the body was consigned to the mausoleum of eternal ice, beneath which it still reposes. The fate of Sir John Franklin, nine of his officers, and fifteen of the crew, is no longer a mystery. The log record will show the twenty-five names, but the "sad caravan" of the surviving one hundred and five, turned toward the South during the long night of 1848, in search of genial sunlight, is covered with a pall of terrible uncertainty—dark as the inhospitable region of their suffering, and as impenetrable as the graves to which they hastened.

### A Curious Fact.

At the time of the explosion on board the Great Eastern, a curious fact was noticed—those who were the most hurt, and who first died, seemed the least injured when they appeared above deck, and even were able to walk off without assistance. On this point a writer in the London Times says:

"A man blown up by gunpowder is a mere figure of raw flesh, which seldom moves after the explosion. Not so with men blown up by steam, who, for a few minutes, are able to walk about apparently unhurt, though in fact mortally injured, beyond all hope of recovery. This was so with one or two, who, as they emerged from below, walked off with that indescribable expression in their faces only resembling intense astonishment, and a certain faltering of the gait and movements like one that walks in his sleep. Where not grimed by the smoke or ashes, the peculiar bright, soft whiteness of the face, hands, or breast, told at once that the skin, though unbroken, had, in fact been boiled by the steam. One man walked along with the movement and look I have endeavored to describe, and seemed quite conscious that the flesh of his thighs—most probably from the ashes in the furnace—was burnt in peep holes. To some one who came to his assistance, he said, quietly, 'I am all right; there are others worse than me; go look after them.' This poor man was the first to die."

DISCOVERY OF MORE MAMMOTH TREES.—A grove of mammoth trees even larger than those of Calaveras, and which have become so celebrated as California wonders, has been discovered in an unfrequented part of Mariposa county. The largest tree in the Calaveras group was one hundred and five feet in circumference. In this more recently discovered grove, a tree was found which measured one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference. The grove contains six hundred of these monsters—none others of them, perhaps, quite that large—but all of them of approximate proportions. These trees grow on the south fork of the Merced river, about 30 miles south-east of the town of Mariposa. One of the trees, one hundred feet from the ground, has a circumference of 66 feet, and a branch measuring eighteen feet in circumference.

Young persons cannot be too guarded in respect to the company they keep, for, however erroneous the conclusions may be in certain cases, it is a fact not to be lightly considered, that the character of a man is judged by the company in which he is seen; and this on the known law, that like has affinity with like. Many a young man has lost a golden opportunity because, in a single instance, perhaps, he has been seen in the company of those who are known to have bad habits and corrupt principles, and been judged as like them. To all young persons we would say, be exceedingly careful as to the individuals in whose company you are seen. Your experience is limited, your principles of life only in the forming state; and the inference in your case will be that you incline to the known habits of your supposed associates.

The steam boiler at the Girard Hotel, in Philadelphia, exploded last week, killing three men.

From the Fredonia (Chautauque Co.) Gleaner.

### An Indian Captive—The Prisoner Escapes on the Chief's Horse.

By a letter received from Nathan A. Osmer, who left this village a year ago last March, we learn that he had a very narrow escape from the Indians, while crossing the plains with a train of provisions for Santa Fe, New Mexico. Since leaving here he has been in the employ of Government at Fort Laramie, until the breaking out of the gold excitement at Pike's Peak, when he, in company with several others from the Fort, started for the diggings. Having become satisfied that there was not much chance of getting rich there, he hired out to a train going to the States for provisions to be taken to New Mexico. It was on this train he met with the adventure of which he speaks in the following extract from a letter dated Barclay's Fort, New Mexico, August, 1859:

"Coming across the plains I met with quite an adventure with the Indians. I was sent out on horseback to kill a buffalo, but did not meet with any until I had ridden about fifteen miles, when I found a drove of, I should think, three hundred. I rode in among them, and, selecting a cow shot her with my revolver, and got off my horse to dress her. While engaged in taking off the hide, I looked up and saw that my horse was intently watching something, and as I looked in the same direction I discovered a party of Indians, mounted, covered a party of me like the wind. As soon I rode down upon me like the wind. As soon as they got a little nearer I saw it was a party of Camanches, late to escape, so I plains. It was then too late to escape, so I rode away, dismounted, and surrounded me was the chief informed me that I was a prisoner. They did not tie me, but contented themselves with tying my horse, thinking, I suppose, that I would not try to get away. It was about sundown when they rode up, so after arranging things to suit themselves, they went to cooking their supper out of my buffalo. Having got my eye on the chief's horse, knowing that he always rides the best one, and thinking it about time for me to be going, I gradually worked my way up to him. I got about fifty yards before they discovered me, when they all commenced yelling; some mounted their horses, and the rest fired their arrows at me, one of which struck me in the knee, and I have the scar yet. But I had the fastest horse, and kept galloping on them, so that in a little while they gave up the chase. I arrived in camp the next morning about day-break, the folks having been a good deal worried about me. The horse they rode away I paid the owner \$60 for, and kept the other one, and there isn't money enough in this region to buy him."

### The Plot to Murder Broderick.

A friend showed us a letter yesterday, received from a prominent citizen of Sacramento, in which he wrote that he had heard the bragging boasts and threats of the vagabond politicians about the Orleans Hotel, who declared several days before there was any announcement of a duel, that Broderick was to be killed off—that he was never more to sit in the United States Senate—that Judge Terry was to try his hand first, and if he did not succeed, then a second expert shooter was to try, and so on until he was put out of the way. Terry being the best shot in the State, was sure to kill him. Then Terry was the smallest loss if he should fall, as his term of office was out—he was under disgrace of the Vigilance Committee, and could be best spared out of the crowd who hungered and thirsted after his seat in the Senate.

Terry, by all the tricks of the most practiced duelist, killed the hated, hunted man. He was not to be spared by Terry—so no other man need try his hand.—Alta Californian.

### A Severe Winter Predicted.

The St. Louis Express tells the following, and predicts from the facts a severe winter: About ten days ago, a tremendous drove of gray squirrels, numbering hundreds of thousands, suddenly made their appearance on the Merimac, covering the trees and waters like a pall. Thousands of them were afterwards found dead in the river and on the ground. They crossed the Mississippi at that point, and worked their way down the river, until, on Wednesday, they reached Cape Girardeau, crossing the river at that point, in countless numbers. The citizens turned out en masse, and killed them by hundreds. Every tree and bush in that vicinity swarmed with them until night, when they all disappeared, and have not been heard of since. Their route was marked as by a devastating storm. Trees were girdled and fields destroyed. Old French settlers predict a severe winter, as it was noticed in 1834 and '52 that immense droves of squirrels made their appearance, followed by intensely severe weather.

### ALL OF A TREMBLE.—The Secretary of one of our insurance companies not long since advertised for a book-keeper, and received in response the following, which is so original and business-like that we are permitted to copy it, as a guide to other applicants for similar situations. The writer thoughtfully enclosed a leaf cut from an old account book, as a sample of his work.—Enter the applicant in an original genus or a wag of the first water.

BIG TAGER, Wilkes Co., Ga.  
"My Dr. Sir: I am a wanting of a situation in book-keeping, and Mr. Sirman said how that you would like to get me in your office. If so please answer to once. I send you a specimen of my single entry, but I keep em double as well. I am all of a tremble, having been licking a nigger."

From yours truly, F. S. HIRSHFELDES.  
—Journal of Commerce.

A lady friend of ours says that the first time she was kissed, she felt like a big tub of roses swimming in honey, cognac, nutmegs and cranberries. She also felt something running through her nerves on feet of diamonds, escorted by several little cupids in chariots, drawn by angels, shaded by honey-suckles, and the whole spread with melted rainbows. What a delightful feeling indeed she must have experienced! Wonder how she felt the second time?

Sambo says he felt like he was away up in the clouds between two hot buckwheat cakes, with all de little angels a pourin' 'lasses over him.

Facts warrant the statement that corn fully ripened on the stalk, is heavier than that which is husked before it becomes fully dry, and that there is some gain in grain in the fodder—when the corn is well dried on the hill before cutting.

High Bridge from England to France.

This magnificent project is being seriously entertained among engineers and men of science. There have been equally as wonderful things effected in our day. The English papers have published some of the details of the plans for uniting England with France by a gigantic tubular bridge across the channel between Dover and Cape Grinez. In order to afford a passage to vessels of the largest size, the bridge would rest on one side on the cliffs of Dover, and on the other side on the cliffs of Cape Grinez, the French abutments being raised one hundred and fifty-three feet higher than the English, to compensate for the difference of elevation of the cliffs. The bridge would be supported by 190 towers, at a distance of five hundred feet apart, each having a light to guide vessels at night, and an alarm bell for warning in fogs. The greatest depth of the channel on the line proposed, is 186 feet. The bridge would have two or more railways, which, it is estimated, could be traversed in 20 minutes; and it would be so built as to admit the light of day—being lighted at night by gas. In order to prevent all fear of invasion, the projector proposes that each end of the bridge shall be commanded by a strong battery. The towers, which would be 100 feet in diameter and 260 feet high, would rest on colossal bases 300 feet square at the bottom, 150 feet square at the top, rising to a height of 40 feet above the water, formed of blocks of granite united by iron bars. The elevation of the tops of the towers would thus be 300 feet above the surface of the water. Mr. Boyd estimates the utmost possible cost of the bridge at £30,000,000, but thinks it could be built for half that sum, and that the whole cost would be reimbursed to the company in eight years.

### The Capture of Schamyl.

Schamyl, the great Caucasian Chief, has, it appears, fallen at last into the hands of the Russians. For many years he has been a barrier in the pathway of the Slavonian. Numerous are the romantic stories told of the great Mountain Chief. His fights, daring escapades and escapes, have long been the theme of romances. Much as we may regret the downfall of a true, stern heart battling for native land, religion and what it considers right, yet we see that the advance of the Russians into the mystic heart of the mother of nations, Asia; the triumph over semi-barbarian, fanatical Mahometan and Pagan tribes living in its wild obscurity, is a victory of new life, vigor and civilization.—Leavenworth Times.

"PASSING AWAY."—Forty-five of the chaffs of the "peculiar institution" passed down Locust street yesterday morning, on their way to the "sunny South." They were a motley group, composed of men, women and children, whose ages ranged, apparently, from five to forty years. The procession was composed of fathers and mothers, with their little children by the hand, young girls and men, arm in arm. On the one hand the sight was suggestive of the "good time coming" for Missouri, but on the other hand awakened the liveliest sympathy for the condition of this gang of miserable beings. Nearly every Sabbath morning witnesses the exodus of these parties from our shores.—St. Louis Democrat.

### Another Bloody Duel.

The death of Senator Broderick had scarcely been announced yesterday, when another fatal duel was made public, having taken place at 7 o'clock in the morning, near San Andres. The facts, as communicated by telegraph, are as follows: A fatal duel was fought at 7 o'clock, near this place, San Andres, between Dr. Peterson Godwyn and Col. Wm. A. Gatewood—w-apons, rifles, at forty paces. At the first fire Dr. Godwyn fell, mortally wounded, and died in two hours.—Missouri Democrat.

### Professor La Mountain, and Mr. Hel-

do came into Ottawa Oct. 31, having landed one hundred and fifty miles north of Ottawa in the great Canadian wilderness. They were brought out by Indian guides in bark canoes. They traveled in their balloon three hundred miles, and were up in the air only from four to five hours. For over four days they have been in the wilderness without food and with no means of striking a fire. They were rescued most providentially by a Mr. Cameron, who was hunting timber with Indian guides.

"SUCH IS FAME."—A late number of the London Illustrated Times, in commenting upon the approaching Presidential canvass, mentions, among other illustrious candidates, the names of "Wire and Bolts" (Wise and Bots) who, from the tenor of article, the Times evidently thinks have the field pretty much all to themselves. "Wire" having the advantage as yet, though "Bolts" seemed to be gaining on him.

One of the takers of the school census in Cincinnati, in his perambulations through the city recently, went into a domicile, where he found a lady who said she was one hundred and three years old. On being asked whether she had any children about the house, she replied that she had but one boy, who was at work in the other room, and was eighty-one years of age.—Missouri Democrat.

Senator Douglas has received a valuable present lately. The Washington State says: Miss Ellen Douglas received to-day a most hearty welcome from those who had the extreme pleasure of making her acquaintance. We congratulate the House of Douglas on the introduction of this new heir.

Jones had been out to a champagne party, and returned home at a late, or rather an early hour. He had hardly got into the house when the clock struck four. "One—one—one!" hiccupped Jones. "I say, Mrs. Jones, this clock is out of order, it has struck one four times."

At a late celebration the following "dry" toast was given, (the author of which got "battered" when he got home): "The press—the pulpit—the politician—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge—the second spreads morals—and the last spreads considerably."

HAND.—An agent wrote from the west, "Gents: You will never get any spindles from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile, his naked feet upon him to heart, and not clothes enough on him to read a gun." We call that an expressive simile.